

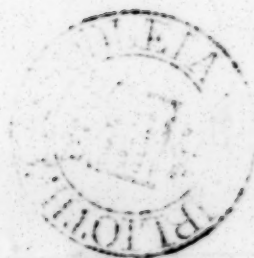
R I O T.

Wm Cole.
Milton. 1780.

A

MOCK HEROIC POEM.

I N



T H R E E C A N T O S.

By CHRISTOPHER CLIMAX, Esq;

Τὴν μετ' παρασκευὴν ὁρᾶτε, ὦ ἄνδρες, καὶ τὴν παρατάξιν, ὅση γιγνέσθαι, καὶ τὰς κατὰ τὴν ἀγορὰν δεήσεις, αἷς
ἐκρήσει ὁ ἀνθρώπος τῶν ἐκπαλαῖ καὶ νυν κακίστος, ὑπὲρ τῶν ταμῖα καὶ ταμῖα μὴ γιγνέσθαι
ἐν τῇ πόλει.

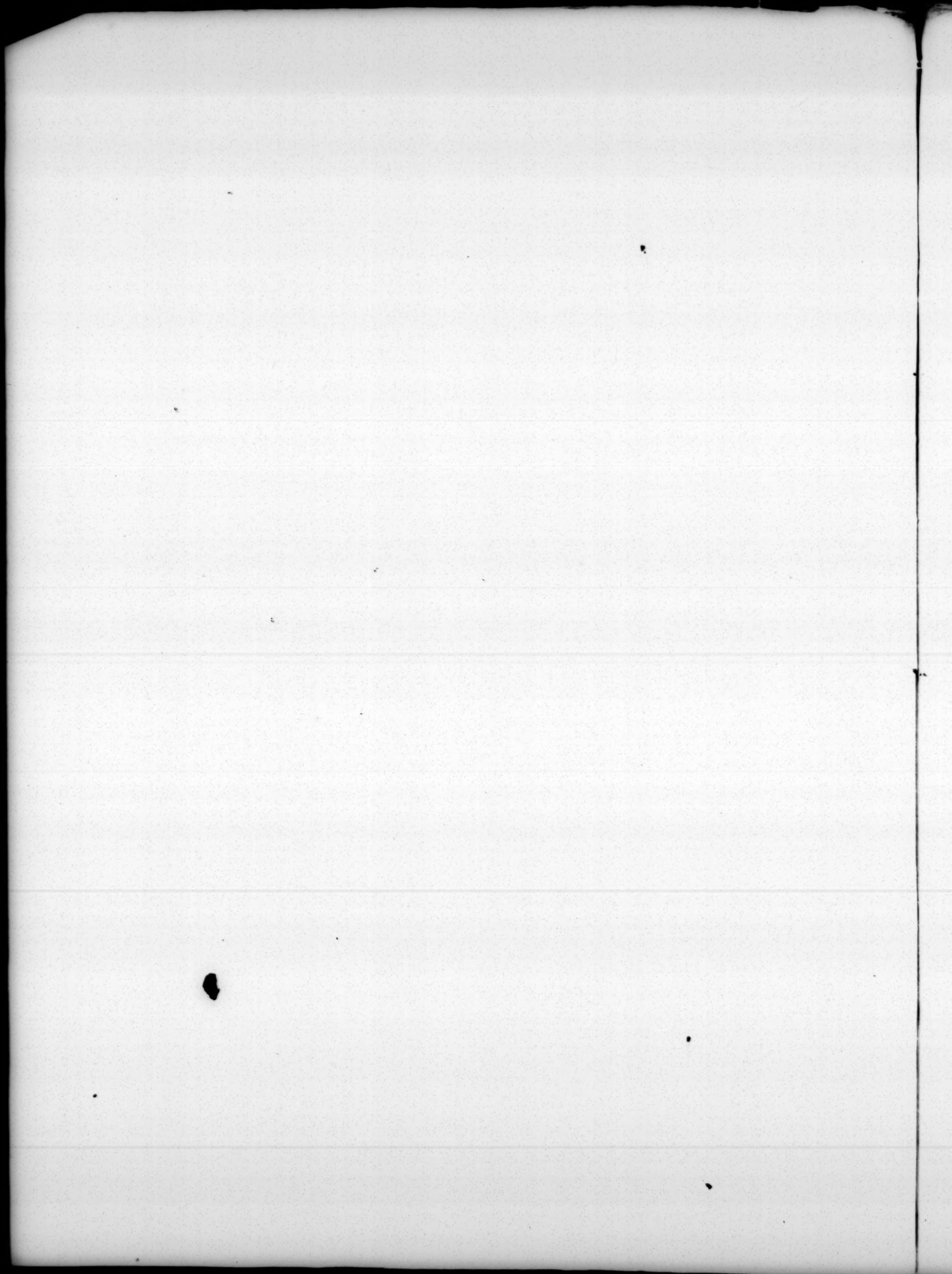
Æschinis contra Ctesiphontem oratio, sub incepto.

L O N D O N P R I N T E D :

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20.



P R E F A C E.

THE locality of the subject of the following poem, and the haste with which it was necessarily written, will, it is hoped, rescue it from all severity of criticism. The author, however, dared not to submit it to the judicious eye without some apology for its deficiencies, but yet hopes that the title-page will plead in its excuse. It was occasioned by a trifling disturbance in the town of C—ge, raised by some young gentlemen in liquor, which, at the instigation of a certain litigious Doctor, was followed by a prosecution the most *Dr. Ewin* malevolent, a trial the most incompetent, and a sentence the most inconsistent and injudicious that ever were known in this university. I must beg leave to apologize to Messrs. L—e and W—^{each}—^{rodman}n for introducing them into such company; but hope and think their good sense precludes all possibility of offence.

It will be necessary for the understanding of the following Poem,
& especially for Posterity, if it should survive, to give some acc^t.
of the Persons alluded to in it. Mess^{rs}. Leake a Scholar of Caius
& Woodman of Trinity returning from the Tavern late at night,
& probably in liquor, knocked at Mr. Banks's House, a reputa-
ble Shoemaker, opposite Jesus Lane. & abused the Father & Daugh-
ters, calling the latter Whores: upon which he put them into
the Vice-Chancellor's Court, & employed Mr. Beverley, one of
the Esq^r. Bedels, & a Proctor in the Ecclesiastical Court as Coun-
sel. Accordingly Dr. Yates Master of St. Catharines Hall, af-
ter an Hearing or two, enjoined them to ask Pardon & confi-
ned them to their Chambers for a short Time: as light a Cen-
sure, one would have thought, as could have been passed,
for so gross an Abuse. Whether Dr. Enrie, who had been
degraded from his LL.D. by the University, the year before,
for usury but reinstated by Law, instigated this Prosecu-
tion, I know not.

T O

J O H N B everley—, Esq. Bedel.

THE custom of dedicating to the most worthy characters, poetical compositions of *every* sort, but more especially of that which celebrates the virtues of eminent men, so *similar* to the dedicatee, cannot with the least decorum be omitted on this occasion. Your public and private virtues, and the elegance of your understanding (both uncontaminated by an impure idea, from either the *candor* of your *conscience*, or the malevolence of your enemies): the *grateful sensibility* which you have ever distinguished for favors of every sort; your wonderful abilities as a *peace-maker*; your excellent address in every capacity: these all would *compel* me (even though I were disinclined) to submit this humble offering to the *pure and disinterested* hands of Mr. B———. I cannot but regret my peculiar misfortune, that I never experienced your exquisite talents

talents as an *advocate*; but doubt not that the goodness of your heart, and (give me leave to add, your predominant passion) *gratitude*, for this by no means *flattering* dedication, would render your benignity to me equally conspicuous, as it ever has shone forth, in the service of all, who have had the happiness to experience your patronage.

With the greatest devotion to your *manifold virtues*, and the most profound submission to your innumerable excellencies and accomplishments,

I am, Sir,

Your most devoted and ever admiring

Humble servant,

July 18, 1780.

CHRISTOPHER CLIMAX.

C A N.

C A N T O I.

THE midnight crash, to L——e the direful spring
Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly goddess sing!
Say, what could prompt, what envious power could drive
To mad extremes the soberest man alive?
To dare, with voice profane, traduce the *Fair*,
The pride of SNOB, and every barber's care;
Say, reverend Camus, to thy peaceful shore
What fiend accurs'd these bickering jargons bore?
What dæmon, rising from his native hell,
Breath'd rage and discord with contagious spell?

Hot with Oporto's grape each jovial soul,
(And drain'd the treasures of the festive bowl,)

Forth issuing, wide o'er Granta's ill-pav'd way,
 Spread to the snoring natives dire dismay;
 The sportive halloo and the clam'ring song
 Shrill through the streets alarm the yawning throng;
 Promiscuous Calumny profusely pours
 On *various* girls the sneaking term of w — ;
 Nay, on the money'd cit, who apes the vogue,
 The vile opprobrium of low-bred r — ;
 While at each door the thund'ring kick resounds,
 Noise echoes noise, and clamour clamour drowns.
 Hark! how the female voice, distinctly loud,
 Deals execrations on the jeering croud,
 'Till drowsy SNOB, with all his naked crew,
 Bursts from his crazy hatch to sudden view:
 The club herculean waxed to his hand,
 What force can stay, what mortal can withstand!
 Unhappy L — c! on thee the cumb'rous weight
 Fell as directed by the hand of Fate.
 No goddess interpos'd, no genius came
 To save thy carcase or to heal thy shame;

E'en

E'en W——n's self unable too was found
 To raise thy prostrate body from the ground.
 But surely great reward for ev'ry blow
 Did S^{uk}——y's kick and B^{ets}——y's pinch bestow,
 When their sweet bodies downward to the waist
 Glow'd with a Cyprian elegance of taste.
 How heav'nly from their coral lips distill'd,
 How sweetly on thine ear their blatings trill'd!
 When each, like *Trulla**, striding o'er thy breast,
 With her dear little *puds* thy visage prest:
 Or with her heel-tap on thy passive head
 The various colours of the rainbow spread!
 Unhappy youth! how little then were seen
 The terrors of the future formal scene!
 When pride and dulness, still to error true,
 Stamp'd the reco'rd of shame—*where least 'twas due.*

With blood, and blows, and cursing fairly tir'd,
 SNOB with his amazons at length retir'd,

And

* Vide Hudibras.

And overjoy'd with victory so cheap,
 They roar'd applause and laugh'd themselves to sleep.
 Now free'd from durance vile, and viler blows,
 With Hudibrastic* coolness L—e arose,
 Felt ev'ry wound with more than *stoic* scorn,
 Repress'd his passion and disdain'd to mourn ;
 Then stagger'd homeward to his much-lov'd bed,
With all his imperfections on his head.†

Thus when the savage Rufs, unknown to fear,
 On the wild leopard hurls the whizzing spear,
 The mighty beast, transfix'd to the ground,
 Scorns to betray the anguish of his wound ;
 But growling vengeance, ev'ry effort tries
 Which finewy strength or art affords to rise ;
 Then grimly (limping) seeks his dreary cave,
 O'er ev'ry pain victoriously brave.

* The philosophy of this gentleman is too well known to require a critical dissertation.

† Vide Hamlet.

C A N T O II.

NOW hov'ring gently o'er the midnight gloom
Sleep to the breeze expands his trembling plume,
And calmly joys each wearied eye to close,
Pleas'd to regain the comforts of repose :
'Tis silence all—save where with balloon-roar
Is heard the echoing of some dismal snore,
Or screaming “ dreadful to the troubled air”
The curtain-lecture of some angry fair.
But SNOB, with dreams of horrid dye oppress'd,
The pond'rous night-mare on his heaving breast,
No thoughts could comfort, no position ease,
E'en JOAN's mellifluous accents fail'd to please.
When lo! his curtain (horrible to tell)
Spontaneous from the trusty *packthread* fell,

And glided dreadful to his quaking bed
 A form all glaring with the lightning's red,
 Around his visage hissing snakes entwined,
 One eye of fiery glow, the other—*blind*;^{*}
 Forth from his nostrils breath'd sulphureous fire,
 Around him "gorgons and chimeras dire;"
 With voice of dire report he silence broke,
 While shivering SNOB lay panting as he spoke:——

" My name is MALICE†—from the realms below
 " I come, to all thy foes an hearty foe;
 " Fear not, my SNOB, the lightning's livid blaze,
 " Nor dread upon my ghastly eye to gaze,
 " To thee no harm my hissing snakes impart,
 " The mere convictions of my hell-born art.

" Say,

* It has been imagined, from the similarity of this prosopopœia, that the author had in his eye a certain crab-faced undignified dignitary. If there be any similarity of feature, he cannot object to any application whatever. *If it means Dr. Erwin, who has the misfortune to squint, he is a Layman & has no Dignity in his Profession as a Civilian.*

† It has been thought that this name gives a stronger similarity to the dignitary *squinted* at in the preceding note.

" Say, shall these Sons of Riot, proudly vain,
 " Infult the realms of thy nocturnal reign?†
 " Irreverend dare thy sacred staff defy,
 " The representative of Majesty?
 " Say, shall thy girls, with w——m on their name,
 " Become the standards of the public shame?
 " Revenge! Revenge!—with aggrandizing weight
 " I come, to second and advance thine hate."

Snob.] ' Unpractis'd in the tricks of Granta's laws,
 ' Vain were my labors though so great my cause;
 ' My blundering head, by nature trebly *thick'd*,
 ' Where I should strong affirm, would contradict;
 ' While juggling gownsmen (curse their bookish pride)
 ' Would jeer contempt.'

Mal.] " In MALICE then confide.

" Clad in the human form (unknown before)
 " *My Son*, whom gorgon'd Envy to me bore,

" *My*

† It is observed by the learned Scriblerus, that SNOB officiated at this time in a department of civil authority, which constitutes the person possessed of that dignity, *The greatest man in the parish---when all the rest are asleep.*---VANBRUGH.

" *My Son*,* a fiend of more than hellish mind,
 " For ev'ry meanness from his birth design'd,
 " Hackney'd and glorying in each sordid art,
 " Unknown to ev'ry goodness of the heart;
 " When ruin dreadful thunders o'er his head
 " Ungrateful to the hand which gives him bread ;
 " Haughty to those he ne'er designs to pay,
 " Yet meanly servile in Misfortune's day ;
 " Who, when the pitying band conspir'd to save,
 " Stung, like the serpent, for the life they gave,
 " *BALATRO*"——

Snob.] ' Oh ! the name my soul inspires,
 ' New courage fills me, and new vengeance fires ;
 ' To him with pleasure I my cause confide,
 ' A worthy object of his father's pride.'

Mal.]

* Another critic, abundantly skilled in genealogy, asserts, that it is impossible that the *monstrum informe cui lumen ademptum* could be the parent of one inferior to the character of his son : and that as nature affords only one such example, it must be he who *scurvily pleads for the town*.---(R.)---The character alluded to by R. affords us a melancholy instance how low the depravity of the human heart can descend. A character who uniformly, in the pursuit of every contemptible action, betrays the ingratitude of his principles, and the malignity of his heart. After receiving a charitable support from the benevolent contributions of gentlemen of the university of Cambridge, at a time when his unbounded extravagance had brought him to ruin, with the utmost ingratitude he sought every occasion which his office could afford, of bringing into trouble the preservers of his liberty.---*Omne dicis maledictum si ingratus hominem, dixeris*.---SEN.

Mal.] "But wisely, O my SNOB, thy plan pursue,
 " And be thy vengeance aim'd at very few;
 " Left in promiscuous charges of the throng,*
 " Disgrace nor ruin compensate thy wrong.
 " On the wide green, from poisonous herbs to drain
 " The bitterest juice of agonizing pain,†
 " When morning dawns my darkling son is found
 " Blasting the wholesome verdure of the ground;
 " For mischief ripe he forms his well-sworn lies,
 " In specious truth has falshood in disguise;
 " In Virtue's clearest cause he'll find a flaw,
 " Skill'd in each dirty subterfuge of law;
 " Stranger to all compunction of the mind,
 " Callous to conscience as to honour blind;
 " Beneath his sanction conquest *must* ensue,
 " Ever as born to vice to mischief true."

D

This

* This was literally the case. SNOB, on being asked concerning the identity of another person to whom he had prematurely sworn, replied, " Mr. ----- was there, but I let him off;" notwithstanding which, the court *would* not, in this instance, see the *malice* of the prosecution.

† It has been wondered that I should give to Balatro so horrid an employ, *risum teneatis*. Botany is a favourite study of this accomplished personage.

This said, with lightnings from his clouded wings
 A thousand horrors round the room he flings,
 And sudden sinking in the groaning ground,
 With smoke sulphureous fills the room around;
 Quick to the *string* the springing curtain rose,
 And SNOB once more enjoy'd a calm repose.

Thus, when the rosin lightnings direful rage,
 And bowling thunder shaking Drury's stage,
 Proclaim the *vanish* of some dismal ghost,
 We gape, we stare, and are in wonder lost;
 'Till at some lamentable speech most deep,
 We groan, out-stretch, and yawn ourselves to sleep.

C A N.

C A N T O I I I .

WESTWARD retiring, gloomy and forlorn,
Now Night retreats before the golden Morn,
Who deck'd in all her orient purple pride,
With new-born splendor gilds the welkin wide ;
Now lusty Labor whistles o'er the ground,
And roseate Health spreads perfumes all around ;
And Sport, arising from his chearful dream,
Leaps up and dances in the Morning's beam :
All joy and rapture—save where moody, flow,
BALATRO's steps spread horror where they go.
I see his long, lank carcase bending down,
Wrapt in the foldings of a M^{aster}'s gown—
Clad in a gown ! the dire disgrace proclaim—
Recoiling Camus shudders at the shame :

Grim

Grim o'er the smiling scene I see him low'r,
 Demanding aconite from ev'ry flow'r;
 Mark how with multiplied distortions vile,
 The grin malignant lights the face of guile!
 Some drug of more than common poison's there;
 His fiend-like features thus his joy declare.
 "Scalded with violent haste and speedy spleen,"*
 Now SNOB comes hurrying on with broiling mien;
 Enraptur'd views BALATRO's hideous form,
 And in his visage reads the future storm:
 Forewarn'd by MALICE, him BALATRO spies,
 A haggard pleasure darting from his eyes;
 A mutual joy enliven'd each glad face,
 Sympathy strengthen'd by the warm embrace.
 Here first the well-forg'd lye receiv'd its frame,
 The oath, high-bounding over truth and shame:
 Each craft to cheat, each semblance to persuade,
 Here all th' artillery of BALATRO's trade.

Prepare,

* "Oh! I am scalded with my violent haste
 "And spleen of speed."---Shakespeare's *K. John*.

Prepare, my Muse! prepare the strain sublime,
 In all its glories deck the pompous rhyme,
 Themes unattempted must adorn the song,
 D^{octor}rs and L^{awyer}rs, a tremendous throng.
 Aloft in full-blown dignity of wig,
 In pomp most clumsy, and in look most *big*,
 Seated "in awful state" mark JUDEx lower,
 Tremble, ye culprits! tremble at his power!
 Around him *sculls* of various orders see,
 Wig'd and unwig'd, toupee'd and *sans toupee*,
 Curl'd and uncurl'd, be-colour'd and be-black'd,
 In prim compactness, wig, gown, band exact,
 Formal and stiff in dignify'd grimace,
Glew'd fast each muscle of each wizen'd face:
 Pleas'd at their due decorum, o'er the band
 Dullness waves round her soporific wand,
 But eyes poor *Farmer** with a stupid stare,
 And wonders how the devil he came there!

E

" Room

* It were needless here to bestow an encomium on a gentleman whose name is indelibly written on the heart of every individual in the whole university: who, though he could not totally prevail on this occasion, yet, by the liberality of his sentiments, greatly mitigated the punishment of the young gentlemen accused.---C. C.

" Room for BALATRO !"—Hark ! from all the croud
 The secret hiss, and execration loud !
 View well that visage ! Mark that jaundic'd eye,
 That front where all the brood of mischief lie !
 To vice how glad he hurries on apace,
Hell in his heart, and Tyburn in his face !
 But mark how gently creeping into light,
 Old MALICE rises from the realms of night,
 In ****'s form ! in ****'s rusty trim
 He glares upon the court—the court on him :*
 No snakes, as erst, his ill-form'd pate o'er-top,
 But well trim'd bob, fresh powder'd from the shop ;
 No livid lightnings round his visage play,
 No eye of fire, but mild its *varied* ray,
 No brow of more than mortal horror see,
 But merely stamp'd as v——'s brow should be ;
 Fronting BALATRO, grinning with delight,
 On his *son's* pliz he gratifies his sight ;

Nods

* The impudence of this Cacedemon in taking the form of one, who a few months ago was so greatly disgraced in this place, is astonishing.---R.

Nods his applause, and winks with meaning eye
Where best to aim the well-directed lye;
And now on SNOB with joyous grin looks down,
Then petrifies each culprit with a frown.

But oh! what Muse with less than Cibber's fire
Could trace BALATRO, and his hell-born fire,
Through all the maze of all-confounding law,
Repeat each "instance," or record each "saw!"†
Or picture JUDEX in his chair of state,
"Great in the little, little in the great!"§
Or say, when Truth spoke forth from *Farmer's* tongue,
How deaf were all the soporific throng!
"How abject, how august," how deeply-read,
How learn'd, how ignorant was each wig-top'd *Head!**
Culprits, stand forth! a sentence! come, prepare!
How smiling Dullness waves her golden hair!†

Lift!

† "Full of wise saws and modern instances."---*Shakespeare's As you like it.*

§ *Ex de minoribus major est, ex majoribus est de minoribus*—*Græc. Prov.*

* The wife of a certain *collegiate professor* observed, "We Heads never mingle with the inferiors of the university;" meaning all under a *certain rank*. Hence the author makes use of this expressive metaphor.---*Scrib.*

† "And Hope enchanting smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair."---*Collins.*

Lift! Lift! Oh lift! to all aloud she cries;
 O yes! O yes! behold great JUDEX rise!
 Silence!—great JUDEX rises from his chair;
 A Daniël! a sentence! come, prepare!
 Slowly he rose with horrible grimace,
 Quaking with terror all his pudding face,
 And then with bustling vast, and grand parade,
 Fix'd tight his wig, and thus his *powers* display'd:
 “ I fondly hop'd, alas! I hop'd in vain,
 “ To close in peace my little annual reign;
 “ Hop'd, to all trials and all schools unknown,
 “ To sleep the year and lay my *sheep-skin* down;
 “ When lo! disturbing from my tranquil snore,
 “ Complaining hundreds croud around my door,
 “ And SNOB, the foremost of the noisy throng,
 “ Loudly demands attonement for his wrong.*
 “ Ye culprits say—but hold—*ye need not speak!*
 “ How have ye dar'd my dread repose to break?
 “ What tho' from ev'ry charge alledg'd you're free,
 “ Tho'unconvicted, guilty still to me:

To

* “ Well may I in behalf of heaven and earth
 “ Demand of thee attonement for this wrong.”—*Reeve's Tamerl.*

- " To men (like me) of *wisdom*, what avail
 " The varnish'd gildings of a specious tale?
 " What though no evidence *confirms* your guilt,
 " My judgment on my private thought is built!
 " When youths transgress the bounds of due decorum,
 " With proper punishments 'tis mine to *lower* 'em.
 " Mark, L—e, my sentence! mark it, and perpend!
 " To SNOB thy knee in due submission bend.
 " W—n to SNOB thy due obedience pay;
 " Submit—no words—'tis I command—obey!
 " But greater penalties await then these
 " The violation of a C—'—'s ease;
 " Full fourteen days mark L—e to fast and pray,
 " And purge the foulness of thy crime away,
 " And fast, confin'd in durance to thy room,
 " Without one ray of light to cheer thy gloom;
 " On bread and water make thy scanty meal,
 " My sentence this—pronounc'd beyond repeal.—
 " W——n perpend! half that appointed time
 " Fast thou, like him, in darkness for thy crime."

He ended*—and in Dulness' ravish'd ear
 So charming trill'd, she still stood fix'd to hear ;
 And each wig'd *scull* around him grinn'd applause,
 On such a great defence of Granta's laws,
 While Dulness o'er him with a loud all-hail,
 Pours forth the odours of her mystic ale ;
 Like Aaron's oil in copious streams it flows,
 Slavers his beard and glisters on his cloaths,
 And with a wreath of poppies binds his brow,
 Of Morpheus once the joy, of Dulness now.

Thus, when array'd in all the priesthood's pride,
 The *skins* and entrails dangling on each side,
 The priestly Hottentot, sublimely great,
 Spouts forth his *oleum* on some favour'd pate ;
 The bless'd receiver to his hallow'd skin
 Scrubs the regaling juice and *rubs it in*,
 'Till some fine wreath of *gut* his zeal repays,
 At which the nations wonder while they gaze.

* It is impossible for the most able writer to do the Doctor's speech with that precision and elegance with which it was spoken. All I could do was merely to take the heads of this most admirable *Ultra* *Germanian* oration.---C. C.

